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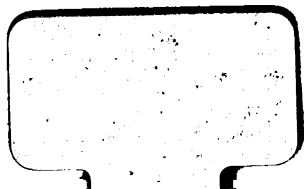
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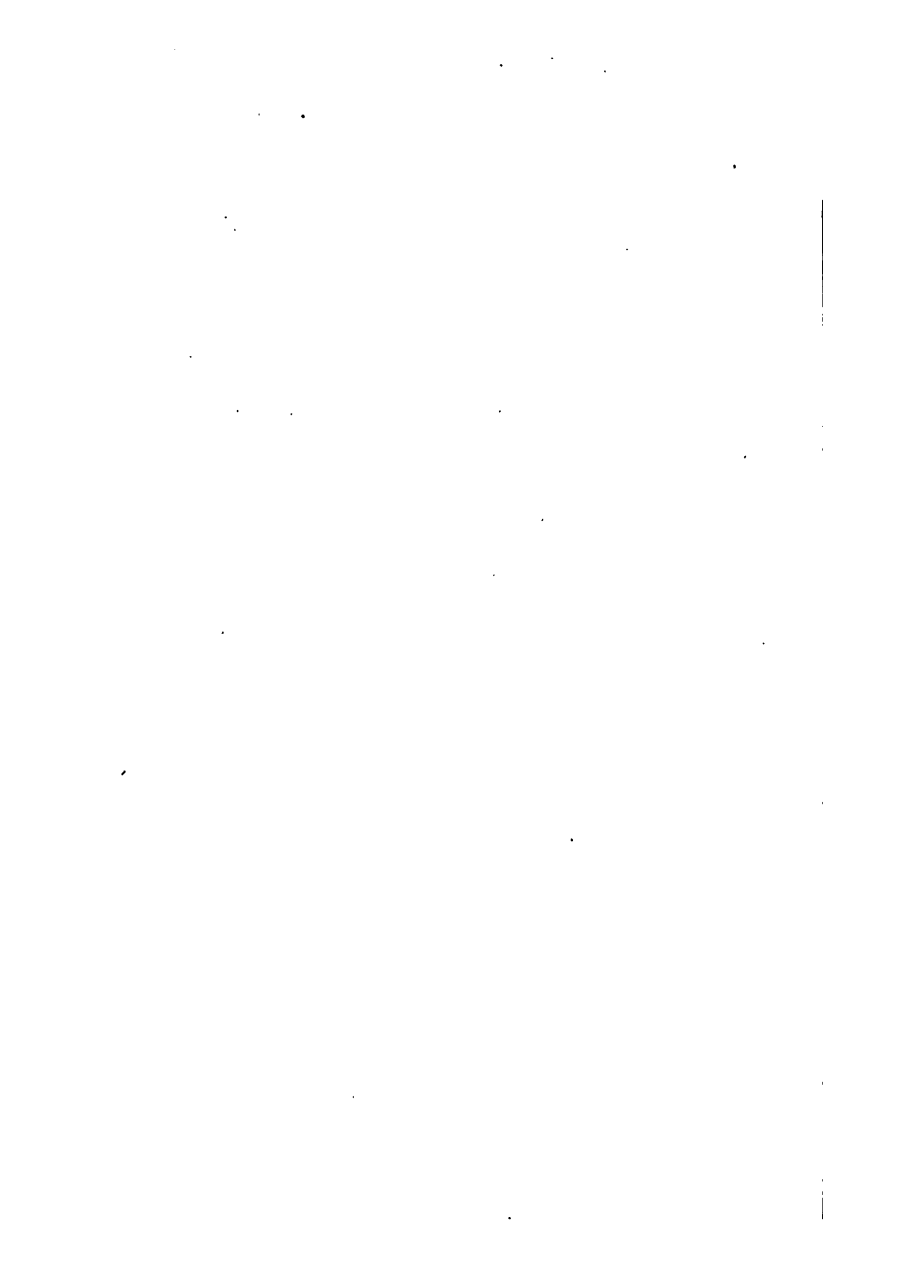




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OUR LADDIE'S PERILOUS JOURNEY —p. 8.

# OUR ADDIE.

BY

LIZZIE JOYCE TOMLINSON.

---

"Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted."—EPI. IV. 32.

"By the lights and clouds through which our pathway lies,  
By the beauty and the grief alike, we are training for the skies!"

MRS. HEWANS.

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# OUR LADDIE.



## CHAPTER I.

### In the Stir.

"His light and fragile form is graced  
With a girdle of silvered blue."

ELIZA COOK.

"OH, don't keep me, please; please  
don't keep me."

How, almost piteously those words fell from the lips of little Jack. There he was, trying to hurry on amidst the number of people who looked upon his pretty, yet sad young face, with such varying interest.

Yes, poor little Jack ! Many a young eager face has gazed after you as you walked along your perilous journey across that long rope suspended high in that vaulted space. But did they realise how vast the difference between your path of life and theirs ? Though the number of years they may have known may be nearly the same, yet what opposite feelings have they caused to arise.

Again, that fine summer evening, the visitors to that bright resort had drawn together. They had come to view Jack as he underwent his usual, monotonous, weary round of work.

To that large pavilion in the centre of the vast Winter Gardens he came daily to his post.

Across the great high ceiling the narrow rope was firmly fixed ; and there, along that length, the little lad walked. Often as not, with covered eyes, every vestige of

light was kept away from him. He rolled across that narrow edge the little wheelbarrow, as he had been so well trained to do.

Oh, who can guess the many, many thoughts that would be surging through the child's mind as he passed along his way?

With what acute eagerness the eyes of all below beheld the rope. It swayed gently with the light weight passing over with that measured tread. The band struck up a martial air, and to its sound Jack kept time with his feet, until his duty was done.

It was as though a great relief had come to the very hearts of many when they saw the little figure led off in safety at the last step. His eyes were then uncovered. Once more little Jack could be allowed to see about him, to feel the cool, refreshing air.

Wonderment arose at the cleverness and agility that must be needed to walk about with that delicate tread. But who thought of pitying the little one who had thus had to bid good-bye so early to his young happy life, to be brought up to this skill with that steadiness of thought and purpose?

And then it was, his day's walk over, that little Jack descended to go amid those who had gazed upon him aloft. He went hurriedly to try and meet all the people before they would leave the building. He had now to do his second part, to sell his own likeness, his own pretty photograph.

Then it was that those words were murmured in such eager, anxious tones. A sweet little girl's interest had been quickened. She was asking Jack, which among the many pictures he carried, he himself thought to be the best.

Ah, but who is that sternly seeing that Jack loiters not one moment more than is necessary? Who is that who has brought the little lad to dread the very sight of joy, for fear it might entail additional pain?

Only a man, scarcely noticed among the many.

But to a close observer that cross, stern-looking face might be seen to keep his one gaze on the little picturesque form. As the little one moved about, instead of him touching the heart of that man by the thought of how fair the little face looked, hardness only seemed to deepen within him.

Yes, dear little Jack! He never could forget there was there that hard, harsh visage to watch any little delay. He knew but too well that when those other happier faces would have left him alone again—forgetting, perhaps, any thought



but the excitement he had afforded them—that his trials deepened.

It was no easy time that the young life led with that gloomy-looking man.

And then we can notice more clearly that in spite of Jack's smiles and bows to his many admirers, yet there is a deeper expression resting in his soft dark-blue eyes. It seems to touch the chord of feeling.

“Look on those eyes and thou wilt find  
A sadness in their beam.”

Jack knew he had to appear happy. But that was all. He felt it not. And what the heart feels not, the face will not reveal.

In the distance the smiles might be taken for real. But coming nearer, the little face looks earnest and sad beyond its years. It was a look telling its own words.

Little Jack lived with that master who

had thus brought him up. For him he had to do his skilled work. Failing that he bore only rebuffs and still harsher words.

Only nine years old was little Jack. Yet young though he was, he yet knew what it was to be in the midst of many, and yet "stand alone."

No one there could really sympathise with that lonely little tired heart. The boy felt as though there was no one to care for him. And oh! what a feeling that must be.

Yes, when there is all around causing life to feel so dear, so happy, does it not draw those loving ties only the nearer and dearer, just to try and picture what it would be to be without all that joy? What a blank would creep into the very heart.

But, unknowingly, little Jack had gained one young friend that day. That

dear little girl would gladly have looked with him through all of his pictures. She would have talked to him in her own simple, yet winning way. Only Jack had now to hasten on. With him there could be no delay.

Scarcely thinking of her, or looking at that gentle little face, the boy once more passed away. He wished to gain any further buyers.

Yet often the trifles of to-day are meant to be blended in to-morrow. How often the future is, unknown at the time, brought in, as it were, with the present.

That little girl, buying Jack's likeness, little thought then how the remembrance of that day's pleasure would again be recalled afresh to her memory. She little knew that the sight of young Jack's sad, earnest face would be brought back to her recollection with a force that would

need no studied picture to help to bring it to life.

No, she now went on her own way, and Jack also went his.





## CHAPTER II.

### Dreaming.

"Whose eyes behold not what is near,  
But only what is far away."

LONGFELLOW.

"Happy thoughts fly through these dreamings."

THE sea had a tired look. It was as though it was too weary to do more than just creep into its own bounds on shore, and then lap, lap back again to the happier distance far away.

It was a glorious summer evening. Just such an evening, when to wander forth and breathe in the beauty around, seems able to speak more to the heart than any words could do. That nameless

charm hovered around. The last sinking setting rays of the golden sun dazzled down upon the water's space. It seemed as if it would cheer the sea with a parting smile, before bidding its own glorious good-night. And the tide in return seemed to love to linger beneath the soothing light as though loth to part.

Even little Jack Neston, young as he was, could feel an untold joy creeping into his quietude as he listened to the waves' gentle echo. Our little friend, in his own dreamy way, loved to form word-pictures of the sky at such a time as that. He liked to fancy, in his own quiet little mind, different scenes and ideas as he gazed up into the ever-varying beauty above.

And now this fine evening he was wondering in his own happy pleasure.

Many passed by that quiet little figure seated on the soft broken shingle. They knew not how he loved this solitude—how

dear a friend the sea always was to him. They only could notice how those bright eyes were looking up to the skies above with a yearning look. It was as though his heart had indeed left the stir around him far behind.

Already Jack's short life had many busy thoughts he could recall of the past.

That day had been more than usually severe. His master, Cross Hugo, as he went by among his comrades, had been teaching him a new performance. And it was with his accustomed rule of grim harshness that the teacher had given his lesson, not with any gentle patient words.

Gladly little Jack had found the evening at a close. Then, his work being done, Hugo left him to himself. He cared not what the boy did as long as he did all he wanted to please his own gain.

And how that young heart was longing for but one kindly word. As we watch

his eager little face, we see a tear trembling beneath the long shady lashes. It rolled gently down the cheek, but to be brushed as quickly away.

No one was near to wipe that tear aside with the soothing caress as many another young heart would have had to cheer it. Little Jack's troubles had to be kept to himself. All alone he felt, though many there were stirring about that large place.

And yet what a dear little face he had. Again, it seemed strange how any one could bear to speak a rough word to that fragile-looking little one.

As Jack is resting there on the soft sands watching the tide drawing nearer and nearer to his feet, we can see him better than at any other time. In an hour of peace like that the face is truer seen. Then the inward thoughts seem to shine upon the features. They can light them up with the dreamings within.



And a dreamy expression had little Jack. The fair curly hair glistened in its golden shades beneath the sun's warm



JACK IN DREAMLAND

gentle hand. Over his forehead it fell in its own natural waves. At one side, the clever looking brow was nearly hid from

view, though it did not hinder sufficient to be seen to show the honesty and openness of thought.

Yes, the likeness the boy sold of himself was good. But what likeness ever came up to reality? It is expression alone that makes beauty. And thus as we watch the flitting shades about that winning little face we feel how sweet it is.

Yes; Jack has gone far away into his own dear dreamland now. On the shadowy clouds are sailing, but they scarcely move faster than the lad's own passing thoughts. Gradually the sun sank, sank, sank. The splendour was dwindling fast away into a paler, lighter light.

Jack in his own happy way—

“Upborne to golden heights where countless  
images of beauty spring,”

was thinking it looked as though the sun,

having given the world a little glimpse of the awe-stirring beauty behind, was now returning to its own unknown joy. And again, when in a moment, all the sky seemed lit up into a burning red, Jack fancied once more that it appeared like as though the lighter clouds were telling the rest of the heavens their own joy, and all had joined in one delight.

Oh, what a pity no one was near to make the little thoughtful boy think of that Friend who was looking down from that above, pitying and caring for him as He does for each one on earth. Little Jack's troubles and quiet fancies were all known up there amidst the beauty he loved to look upon.

But as the glory waned into a fainter glimmer, Jack's mind returned to other scenes. He was thinking then of his own happy home far away.

Yes; Jack had known a home love;

and that was why his heart was crying. He did so long to be able to go back to that humble cot. There he had felt nothing but love. He had there been able to know the care a mother's heart alone can show.

Never, would Jack forget the parting of that day when he had come to live with this harsh life.

When Jack was a very little one, his own father had been taken away on that one journey all must go. Then hard times had entered the happy cottage. Poverty stared the lonely mother in the face. How was she to provide for her children when none of them were yet old enough to look after themselves, or each other.

And then, almost in a moment—though she had regretted it many a day since—she reluctantly had promised to let her little Jack be brought up by Hugo. He

had known his father slightly, and had come one day to propose a scheme to help her in her distress. With many persuasive words he agreed to take care of Jack, on condition that he was allowed to have his own way with him, to take him about as soon as he was old enough, as he himself pleased.

Thus little Jack's life had been all at once decided upon. From then he had been daily trained to do his present work. And now it would have been almost easy to him if only Hugo would treat him more kindly.

But, as the boy often felt, the more he tried to win his master's love, the more roughly he repelled him in return. Often the little one had wondered at the cause.

Even to-day, though Jack had had a successful audience, yet all he had got on his return was,—

“There, now, you just be off to your

shore if ye likes, I wants no more of your company until the morn."

So, is it a wonder that the child would far rather remain talking as he liked to fancy, to the clouds above, than wend his way back to a lonely hearth, where he knew he was not wanted.

No kind look, no loving "good-night" would greet his return, or meet his ear.





## CHAPTER III.

Sallie.

"Let us for each other care,  
Each the other's burden bear."

"Content to fill a little space  
If Thou be glorified."

**L**OSE upon three months have passed  
since we last saw our little Jack.

Now autumn's reign is drawing nigh  
with a quick and hastening hand. The  
greenest pathways are turning to their  
brownest hue—above all, that greatest  
sign of winter's coming power was again  
visible; the trees, those friends of sun-  
shine and of mirth, were scattering their  
leaves quickly on the ground. It is just

as though they were shedding tears to know their season of joy and of summer life have so nearly had their day.

But it is not with Jack we have to do now. He has gone to another part. And we will also go to other scenes, though not to see him.

It is to that pretty village on the south coast where we now will wend our way.

There we shall enter a quiet, simple homestead. Here is visible at once the stern look of "hard work," even if we had not entered just in time to hear a boy's tired words. He had just returned from a weary day.

"O Sall," he said, as he turned to his little sister's bright look that smiled upon his coming, "doesn't one get tired be-times of doing every day's work so reg'lar like. One gets so weary like of gettin' up in the mornin' just to do nothin' but



work." And as Will spoke, the sounds of his boyish voice could tell how tired and cheerless they were.

"Ay, Will," was the quick, bright reply, "but ye knows we cannot have you a-lookin' dull; you be generally so cheery, our right hand as Mammy says. Whenever I get cross, I just tries to think of Jack—our laddie, as Mammy calls him—and then I can't get so tired and grumbling like. As Mammy says, we may get lonely, and have to be kept busy here, but what of him. He has to cross them ropes and danger places, and he might p'raps be killed all at once. We have Mammy here with us, and be all together. We should try to be happy and do what be right."

And now we know where we are. "Jack," that short little name will make us guess we have found out that home he thought about so lovingly, that simple

---

home he longed to see. Here his mother and brother and sisters lived. He yearned, as we know, for the charm that rested there. As Sallie said, though she and Will might weary to have a stir in their quiet dreary life, yet they had still that greatest happiness with them—"Mammy"—Jack had not.

"Oh yes, Sall," Will replied, his usually glad young face showing the clouds were being chased away. "How stupid and cross I be a-gettin'. But I mean I would not care how weary I might have to get, or how hard I had to work, if it would but help Mammy more, you know. But I won't be cross any more, Sall. I must be Mammy's own Will again, as you says, and not Mammy's bother."

And with a merry whistle, Will put aside his gloomy looks. Like a ray of brightness, little Sallie had chased away the rainy feelings. And now she turned

away to put the humble room "a bit tidy," as she said, for their mother's welcome home.

"I say, Sall," said Will, a few moments after, "have you seen the dear little lady, that be come to stay down here for the winter?"

"No, Will, what little lady?"

"Oh, such a dear little miss, not more nor your own age, Sall. I shouldn't think as how she be more nor twelve year. Yet she rides 'long these ere lanes and shore on her pony just a-like a bird; there, now!"

And with this description, so plain to his own idea, Will managed to arouse Sallie's attention. He gave her a minute description of this little lady. She had taken his fancy greatly.

"O Will, I wonders who she be!" Sallie replied, with eagerness. "I should like to see her!"

---

“Well, Sall, you just manage to come 'long to the shore with me to-morrow. I guess as how she pass us on the way. Oh, Sall,” and Will's eyes brightened at the very thought, “dunna ye wish she were a-wantin' a mule to ride every day, instead of having her own pony? For then you know how much I might get.”

And with a happy laugh between them they tried to add up how much more Will could earn by that different addition to his usual employment. In this way those two young hearts and minds kept themselves busy.

“How is Prince, Will? Have you had a busy day?”

“Not very, Sall; you see so few people be down here now. They be a-goin' away to their own homes every day. It'll soon be no more mules or donkeys neither 'll be wanted till the spring comes.”

"Oh, I does wish the spring be come now; don't you, Will? The winter be'es so cold here, with nothing scarce to warm us; be'ant it? I s'pose that little young lady looks so nice p'rhaps 'cause she dunna know what it be to feel cold, eh?—at least like us."

"Ay," was Will's ready reply. "Yes, I dreads winter coming. Remember last, how Mammy had to work, and how ill Meg was. And I could find nothing for to do. But, I say, Sall, I'll be a-gettin' a'most too big to be a mule boy next spring, won't I? I'll be fourteen year old, ye know."

"Oh, but Will, p'rhaps you'll make enough soon to buy a cart. Oh, how nice that 'ud be then! Whiles I carry about my 'stone, ye might be a-sellin' salt, or some'at like that, mightn't ye, Will?"

Thus, once more little Sallie's own

happy, hopeful, young heart made the brightness to appear. She made that one dream of Will's boyish hopes to stand forth firmer than ever.

And a dream of joy is like a diamond glistening in its beauty. It can make the thoughts to look through happy windows, when they are—

“Woven out of hope toward what shall yet be done.”

And now in their own quiet way these two young ones cheered each other. When their mother returned home with little Meg from her day at the vicarage schools, she could look about her with a rested feeling.

Poor though the surroundings were, yet they shone with a happy welcome—a welcome given by Sallie's own loving and helpful heart.

“Oh, Mammy!” was the exclamation, “Will and I be so glad to see you. It

just looks like home only when you be'es in."

Lovingly Mrs. Neston turned to kiss that bright upturned little face.

"Ay Sallie, darling, I was kept a bit to-night a-comin' home. The vicar happened to meet me, and he al'ays does give me something comfortin' to bring home. I was feeling a bit dull and frettin' about Jack, when he asked all about us, and I told him, and then he said such nice, pleasing words. He gave me this 'ere text-card. It is for you, he said, Sall. You must hang it up on the wall there."

"Walk in the Light." He told me as how I must try and remember, when I be thinkin' of little Jack walkin' on his rope, of them words. We must think how all will be well with him and with us all if we try to keep on just a-walkin' in that Light. He showed

me how we ought all to do what we has to do cheerfully."

"Well, Mammy, all I can say," broke in Will's hearty voice, "I was just a-feelin' as stupid too, and as cross as I well could, all about nothing. But I has had as good a cheerer as the parson himself could have been. Here's Sall there, she it be gave me such a right good talking to as made me just ashamed of myself; and here's the good she's done, you see."

And as Sallie's face beamed at Will's bright words, the mother's heart could feel happier still. She knew how earnestly her little girl would think over those good words she had brought in.

But Sallie was thinking also of that other little one far away.

"Oh, Mammy!" she said, "do you think as how I might send this ere card to Jack? P'raps the vicar would tell us



how. And he would so like it; wouldn't he?"

"Right ye be, darling," was the glad reply; "I am glad you thought of that—of our laddie."





## CHAPTER IV.

### Jack Again.

"'Tis rarely the heart is so sound in its slumbers,  
As to rest without mingling some dream of the Past."

ELIZA COOK.

"**H**ERE, my lad, what's that you've got there? Bring it here and let's see it."

Quietly, and with a timid air little Jack answered this abrupt summons. With trepidation, and the feeling of fear at his heart, he noiselessly crept up near to Hugo.

"O Massy," he said, for Jack always called Hugo by the way his baby-lips had first tried to call him master, "you will not be a-taking it from me, will you?"

"Dunno that. Let's see it. Depends upon what 'tis."

"It is only a card, Massy, that cum to me from Mammy and all at home. The postman brought it, just as you left me a while back."

And taking it into his own hand, Hugo took possession of that precious little text Sallie had thought of so happily for Jack.

Almost with a start, Hugo met the words he read. Then with a cruel laughless laugh—it seemed to grate on the little one's ear—he added :—

"And what pray, do you want with this, eh ! I'm not a-going to have the likes of this staring at you, and occupying your thoughts from me. Walk just as I want, that's all. No, my lad, 'tis well a bit of fire be lit at the moment. For here's the place for yer grand card. Here goes !"

"O Massy, don't, oh ! dunna do."

Poor little Jack! In his eagerness he did not wait to think to whom he spoke. Another time he would not have dared to say scarcely a desire of his own. But now his distress for his treasure made him forget all else. But it was of no avail. It was too late.

With one cry, like a deep sob, Jack's tears shone. His card was now burning away in the embers of the grate.

Oh, what would Sallie have said could she have seen the result of her kindly thought.

"There now, that's the light that presents of yoursshall have—and any moresuch. Once for all, you just don't be a-thinking any more of such ideas. Do you hear?"

But sad little Jack felt so weary and lonely. No wonder he could not hinder the tears being seen. No, the tones of that gruff heartless voice only seemed to renew them afresh.

"Stop them tears, I'll have none of them here." And with a hasty tap that made the little ears tingle with pain, Hugo left the boy to himself.

"Now, then, let me see you stop that rubbish, if you do not want any more," he added, leaving the door. "I'm not a-going to have your red eyes for the performance, and have all the people a-saying you are badly treated. Mind, now, you let me see when I comes back a bright face, all smiles, no tears. Does you mind?"

Then how earnestly Jack set to work. He tried to gather even the fragments of the card. He wished to see if any had not quite caught the fire's heat. There they were amid the cinders on the hearth. But they had all gone to ashes—except one word—"Walk."

But carefully those remains were gathered, black and useless though they were. Jack felt more than a nature like Hugo's

could well imagine the loss of that simple message from home.

Yet it was no use crying, as Jack knew only too well. Bravely he tried to check his distress. It was not easy to do that. Each time he looked down there he saw the cause of his grief.

At last, with tears falling faster still, he put aside those atoms of card in an old broken jar. The one word, "Walk," was held as precious. It at least seemed so suited to his usual way of spending the many hours of his young life.

And now with a sigh—so deep it sounded, as though it came from a depth that could not be uttered in words—Jack turned away from his present trouble. He went to put on his shining costume in readiness for Hugo's return.

"Walk in the Light." How those four short little words kept returning again and again in the boy's thoughts.

"I wonders what they be about?" he murmured half aloud. "I knows they mean some'at good, far better nor I knows how to walk on them ropes."

And then happening to look upwards Jack caught a sight of his old friend. Through the little lattice pane he saw a glimpse of the bright blue sky above, looking down upon his own deep earnest eyes.

Yes, a smaller or a greater trouble can be often lightened by a quiet moment of dreamy thought.

"Oh, I wonders if it be a-walkin' up yon! It looks light enough, anyhow."

At that moment there rested one straight narrow line of clouds above. It seemed to lead across from the heaviness on the one side, into the glorious light beyond.

"Oh, but I should like to know how to get up there to walk yon. It just looks a-like a nice thick rope, a-leadin' right

across the sky into the shining light. Oh, I wonders if Mammy were here if she could ha' told me how to get up yon. She used to talk to me about them pretty clouds; and how a-should I be a good Jack, I'se should go there. But I ha' forgot near all she said, now. May be Mammy 'ud say I be not good to cry. But I did so want them pretty words Sallie sent."

Yes, quiet little Jack went to his own happy pleasure for comfort.

"If I once could but get up there, Jack 'ud go straight into that ere light, and then not even Massy could find me to a-get me back again. Oh, but that 'ud be nice!"

And with a smile glancing over the fair pale little features, still flushed with the tears, Jack happily pictured this fancy.

But soon enough the present returned. The dreamings fled.



No, not yet was Jack to be taught again how he could be walking in the Light even though he strove among the stir of life.

“Now young 'un, be you ready?”

Hugo had returned. With one jump from joyous dreamland to reality, Jack went forward. He almost half-fancied his inward ideas might have been known. They had been so real.

But in a moment all quiet peace had fled. There he stood ready to start on his usual routine.

How fair Jack looked. The longings of his young heart still seemed, indeed, to leave their impress behind. The curly light golden hair looked so smooth, and more than all, in spite of the sadness and the pinched look, the little features revealed an expression resting thereon. It could speak for itself. That look told, that amid the greatest troubles or sorrows

he might know, the little one already possessed a charm. He knew what it was to look through all into what can alone be seen to the inward eye of thought.

“Well, have ye got over yer loss?”

Almost gently Hugo asked that. Perhaps for once his own heart was trying to show it yet knew what it was to feel.

And taking a sudden courage at the unwonted sound, Jack asked suddenly,—

“Massy, does ye think you could tell me what them words mean? I’d not miss card so much, if I knows that.”

But heeding not what the lad said, Hugo only told him to follow where he went. He did not reply to what Jack had now asked so earnestly.

Jack could not hear his murmured saying—

“‘Walk in the Light’” indeed! It would have been better for yer Massy if he had ha’ known what they mean. Massy,

as ye calls me, would not ha' had so many a pang as he looks into your eyes, child. But what does it matter? What be'es done, be done. I must not think o' the past."

And only with a harsher call than before, Jack was hurried on his way with a firmer tread.





## CHAPTER V.

### Too Tired.

"Whose feet  
Were faint—whose heart was sick."

**T**HUS little Jack had daily to lead his quiet dull life.

Oh, how often he longed to have some one who would speak to him lovingly—in the way he heard children of his age spoken to when they watched him on his rope.

Yes, poor little Jack ! He felt so lonely. But he was to know what it was to be lonelier still. When he never expected it, his busy little feet were to have a check. Old cross Hugo was to learn what it would be to be without him.

Again time has been on flying wings. The cold months of winter have been and gone. Now the happy sounds of spring so welcome to the ear, are being heard. Summer with quick steps was drawing nigh once more. The gladsome days were speeding on. They can bring their own cheer to the earth as well as to the hearts of all, with the welcome sunshine and joyous life.

And once again when we see Jack, he has returned to that busy country place where we saw him first. Near to his old delight,—the ever treasured sea—he again passes his day.

With gladness had Jack come back there. It might have been as with the thought of meeting a dear old friend, that he had pictured his coming. It seemed to be able to give a joy to his young heart.

And more than ever Jack loved his

solitude. That one year that had gone, seemed to have wrought great changes in him. But we will look at our little friend for ourselves. We will notice how he looks.

Oh, can that really be Jack seated there on the pebbles !

Yes, on his favourite shore, we find him —on the rocky shingle. But smaller than ever looks that little figure.

Poor Jack was ill. Without any one near to notice it, his strength had been failing for the last few months.

The winter had tried that quiet little life, and now the brightness of spring only seemed to make him feel all the more tired and weary.

No wonder was it that now in that feeble state, the sea could be more and more like a cherished comfort.

In the bare cottage room where he lived with Hugo, all looked so dark and

dreary. A gleam of sunshine could scarcely penetrate within. Even the roads in that country town had no delights for Jack. The very stir wearied him the more—made him feel even the more tired and lonely.

No, it is by the ever cheering waves that Jack loves to sit—just doing nothing but thinking.

As his eyes watched in the distance the sight of children at play on the sands, Jack used to long to have Sallie and Will with him, that they might play likewise. But now, he does not know why, he feels as though he would not care for play. No, the little heart just simply longs for "Mammy" to be there with him to pet him a "bit," as he says to himself. Then he thinks he would be, oh! so happy.

Yes, Jack looks indeed almost too weak for play. Never weaker than to-day had

---

he felt. He left the shore that tranquil evening longing that he might return there with his work over.

He little knew that it was want of strength that made him so listless. Jack somehow felt that he could not walk along the rope that evening.

But as the little one knew, it had to be done if possible. He dare not tell Hugo he felt afraid to go aloft, to try the new lesson he had just lately learnt. Already he had been scolded again and again for looking so dull.

Massy did not wish to see the lad's look of delicacy. But it could not be long put aside.

That evening as usual, the Winter Gardens had their visitors. Some of these only came to enjoy the tastefully laid out grounds, whilst others would step into the pavilion where any further pleasure might be offered.



And here, as before, Hugo took Jack. Attired in his glittering costume, the little one, in due time, mounted the ladder step by step.

But why does Hugo walk up to the end of the building. Anxiously he asks, "Is the netting quite secure beneath the rope?"

For fear of any accident that precaution was placed there. If Jack fell, his fall would be checked by that means.

Yes, to his master's eye there is noticeable a difference to usual. He knows every movement of little Jack so well.

For several times he has wondered why the boy mounts up to the rope so faintly, with so little energy. Often he has spoken sharper to the child lately for his want of brightness. To-night weaker and weaker looks the little one. It was as though he would scarcely reach the top of the ladder.

Poor little Jack! Knowing how acutely

he was being watched, he did try with all his might to appear happy. But this evening he seemed to feel almost as if he never could reach the end of that long rope. It appeared such a distance to cross. And he never did.

On the fragile little figure went along his perilous way. As usual for the first time across, his eyes were uncovered. He could see where he stepped.

First one little foot, then the other went forward in regular order. But all of a sudden, where was Jack?

All the little one knew was that he felt to be going, as it were, into darkness. Then with one "Oh!" he was gone. The excitement from beneath did not reach the child's ears. There he was, forgetful to all around him, in the netting below. Not until help came to him, would he be removed.

Quickly enough had that evening's work

come to an end. All crowded around to know was the little one hurt.

All watched with eagerness. They waited to see him safely brought to ground.

And oh ! how still and quiet little Jack looked. There he was, like a feather in weight. He rested in Hugo's firm strong arms, unable to stir. Like a little waxen image, his fair features stood forth. Only by slow degrees was life again brought in reality back to him.

Then with returning consciousness the weak little voice spoke anxiously. Jack quickly asked, looking into those dark eyes gazing into his own,—

“Oh, Massy, where be'es I ! Jack didn't mean it !”

Poor little fellow ! His first fear was lest he had incurred his master's severe wrath. He knew how easily that could be aroused.

But for once Hugo's reply spoke of

tenderness. His gentle tones were not only forced for the ears of those who had listened to what he said there. The look of the little one's delicate child-face perhaps spoke to him in its own way. He seemed to feel how the little one was alone dependent upon himself. He was the only one to look after him, and how nearly he had lost him all at once during that evening's work.

Then with haste Jack for once was carried away from the scene of his work with many thinking kindly about him—with sympathy.

For once Jack would not be able to roam away to bid his favourite good-night to the sea's evening waves.

No, to his own dreary little bed he was taken right away, without a word.

"There, child, you must stay there an' rest awhile. Ye'll be all right, I guess, in the morn. Least I expects so."

That was all Hugo said. His sudden unusual feeling had quickly passed. Seeing, as he believed, the little one looking again more like himself, Massy left him. He left the cottage in its still silence, with the quiet young life gradually returning to its usual activity.

There poor little Jack was left all alone.





## CHAPTER VI.

Will.

*"Hope wings fancies airily."*

IT seems long since we were with our other little friends, Will and Sally.

When last we saw them they were thinking of the terrors the approaching winter months might bring to them. They knew but too well already, that to the poor and weak those days of frosty brightness or bitter damp can bring their own distress and care.

But as with Jack, so now with them.

Their eyes had seen the cold days depart.  
Once again with gladness—

“The beautiful rose-wreathed summer,  
Was filling the earth with bloom.”

During the time that had passed Will had found any off-hand work he could. For the most part his time had been spent at the vicarage garden. His kind friend there had told his mother he could go and busy his hands in that way, until the summer came round again.

But now once more the faithful old friend, Prince, was needed for his usual work. Will might have been seen any day wending his way riding on his little black mule, towards the beach.

As he often said to Sallie, Prince never went faster than when he knew he carried his master.

And certainly Will might well be proud of his companion. Prince was worth

looking at. Like satin shone his ebony black coat, kept in such perfect order. His ears stood up in their fine length. They moved about so fast, as much as to say he felt so happy that he really could enjoy listening to all that went on around him without a regret.

“Ay, Prince, my boy!” Will used to say, “your eyes shine like the stars. Ye looks as tho’ ye would do your best to help me to get on.”

Often Will went home at night to tell how Prince had been out for rides more than any other of his comrades on the stand. Most of the children looked out for the little black donkey as they called him.

Then Sallie would say, as she patted her favourite’s glossy nose,—

“Ay, Will, but I wonders who could help wishin’ for a ride on Prince. He be’es too ’andsome not to be chosen.”



And no doubt Sallie was right.

But as yet Will's long cherished hope remained ungained. He was now, as he said, "fourteen year old," and he had so often longed, and pictured having made enough by then to buy a little cart for his own. With that Prince was to trot along with the load he would carry. Will knew that from the building grounds near, many would be willing to give him for next to nothing, the shavings and odd pieces of wood. And the lad felt that thus he might sell firewood, and do "more business," as he liked to tell Sallie.

But still, with the hopeful words of Sallie's bright little heart, Will still worked on in hopes of what a future day might bring.

Oh, happy hope ! you are like the sun amid the earth. You cherish life with your warm rays, when it might be that otherwise it would droop away in chilling cold.

But when we see Will again this morning, he certainly does not look very dull.

There he galloped along on Prince's back. The two looked as though they had made up their minds to have a regular good day.

The early morning air was blowing freshly from the sea on Will's bonnie face, as he rode down amid his fellow friends on the shore. His coming was greeted by many a voice.

"I say, Will Neston!" was one exclamation. "Has you heard the news?"

"What news?" asked Will in his own indifferent way.

"We mean the prizes that's to be give to these ere donkeys an' mules."

"No, I never heard aught about it. Who told ye?"

"Oh, they say as how the grand folks that have been a-livin' at the Hall for the last year, they be a-goin' to give prizes

to these ere animals. They say as how the little lady have taken a fancy to see us fellows a-riding all together—all dressed up like.”

“When d’ye say it is to be?” asked Will.

But no one could tell the exact day. At present the full particulars were not known.

“All I heard was,” said one among the group, “that there be prizes to be give to the best looking donkey and mule; to them as be the best kept. They do say some’at about a sum of money, or a cart or some’at like that is to be for the first prize. Leastways that be what Sam at the Hall told me this mornin’. He ought to know the most ’bout it anyways.”

“A cart!” Will almost shouted the word. It seemed as though his very hope might come true. At last he would have a real chance of getting what he

longed for. Turning round to admire his favourite, Will felt as though Prince ought to win the day as regards beauty.

"Did ye say some'at about trimmings?" he asked.

"Ay, they all must be dressed up like, in their best as ye might say," was the reply. "I know as how I'll get them at home to give me any spare ribbon they have. I'll deck up my Ned spruce."

"But Black Prince 'll win I knows," said another. "None of us has such a black 'un as that."

"But black mayn't be considered a beauty quality."

"Prince not beautiful! Who dare say that!" exclaimed Will, standing up at once for his treasure. "He mayn't get the prize, but he's a beauty for all that!"

"Well, there's no use a-talkin' and a-wastin' of our day," proposed one sensible thought among the rest. "Look here,

here comes a tribe of youngsters for rides. That's more in my line at present. Let's make what's sure, an' leave prizes in the distance alone I say."

And Will did make what he could that day; more even than usual. But as he heard his Prince praised for his bright looks and well-kept appearance, the boy treasured the words with a greater meaning than ever before.

Then when they all left the stand for home that evening, Will rode away as fast and faster than he had come in the morning. He wanted to tell Mammy and Sallie, and even little Meg of the grand news.

But little Sallie understood more than all. Only she knew of Will's secret desire to be able first to obtain a cart, and then to show Prince in it to Mammy.

"Oh, Mammy, if Prince would but win?" Will said with glee. And his bright eyes

glistened again with the hopeful excitement burning within.

“Oh yes, Prince, I must go an’ talk to you properly,” added Sallie, her cheeks flushed almost as much as Will’s own.

And going out into the yard Prince was embraced with even greater fervour than usual. Will also followed to admire his treasure with a more critical eye.

“Now Prince, be’es you pretty? Yes, I’m sure you be! Sallie exclaimed almost beseechingly as she lifted up the black face for its accustomed pat.

And Prince only replied by rubbing his nose softer than ever against his little friend—as much as to say, ‘that I be.’

“O Will,” she added eagerly, “how-ever shall we find the finery to dress Prince up with?”

“O Sall, I forgot that! Has ye or Mammy no ribbon?”

“No, Will, you know we hasn’t. But

never mind that, Will," was the cheerful reply. "I must think of a plan o' gettin' some gay colours. Ye know we must have our old fellow dressed up smart, mustn't we Black Prinnie, darling?"





## CHAPTER VII.

### In The Quiet.

"Weary so weary of waiting,  
Waiting for sympathy sweet."

**Q**H, how tired Jack became of lying there with no one near to say a kindly word. Only crosser than ever did Hugo now appear. He had hoped that Jack would be well again almost directly and able to return to his daily exploits. But he was not.

No, the little one seemed only to be growing daily weaker and weaker. Each time Hugo made him get up in the morning to see how much better he could walk. But instead of his feet being firmer



and stronger in their tread, his step seemed to become only the more feeble.

Then with angry words Hugo would leave the boy all alone.

"You are gettin' a useless piece of goods to me," he would say, "I must be a-gettin' rid of you as soon as I can."

Yet how could Jack thus grow strong again? He had none of the delicate nourishing food that would have helped to call back life to one like him.

No, less than ever did he get to sustain him. He had no wish for the rough pieces Hugo would offer him. He was told if he could not eat that, he might do without. Massy said he had nothing more to spare him now.

And yet at heart Hugo could not have been so bad as he made himself appear. In reality he could not bear to think of losing his lad.

We have but to see him one evening

in the quietude. He was watching beside little Jack. The child had dropped asleep on his little bed.

Forgetful of all that was going on around him, little Jack slept on. How pretty he looked with his eyes closed. His pale little face was so very fair and clear. The light sunny curls were ruffled with the tossing about they had undergone. But now they had fallen down near those closed lids, as though they were glad to keep watch over the little one's rest.

Yes, happy dreams seemed to have at last brought quiet to Jack's lonely thoughts.

"Mammy," that one dear little word he called out in his sleep. Perhaps the little fellow fancied he had at last that loving heart near to him, to care for him. So gently was the exclamation uttered.

Poor little Jack! Even stern Hugo's

heart felt another pull as he looked upon your sweet little face. Even he could not bear to break the quiet spell.

"Mammy." Again that weak little voice faltered forth that word. It was as though that very name could add to the peace.

"I wonders why the child does not get well." Thus Hugo meditated as he gazed upon the gentle, dreamy expression. "It be'es a long time now that he keeps like this. P'raps I'd better send him home to his mother. She would take better care of him than I can."

But no, that good resolve was quickly turned aside.

"No," Hugo added to himself. "I'll write to his 'Mammy' as he calls her, an' tell her how ill he be. I'll say as how I cannot afford to send him home. No, I never could spend all that for nothing. I've lost enough by this break-down of

the young 'un. If they cannot send for him, he must just do as how best he can."

And with a hasty "There now!" Hugo left the room. He looked almost as though his angry determination might have been fighting against other impulses. It was as though he would wish to make out, if he could, that he was doing what was the right, though inwardly the little word would keep reminding him he was wrong.

When Jack awoke from that slumber, there was no one beside him. He had not heard Hugo's presence. More than all he did not know how his master had decided to write home to Mammy about his cause for loneliness.

Poor little Jack. Every day he tried to get up to go about as usual.

But it was of no use. As Hugo had said, for the present he dare not send the little one about in his ordinary way. He looked

too ill. He would have been almost certain to fall again, for want of strength, though not for want of will.

Yes, often now Jack would throw himself back on his little bare bed. He would remain there feeling too tired, as he said, to do anything but just keep quiet.

And then no wonder the little lad as often as not cried himself to sleep. He did so long just to see those dear faces at home. Sometimes he felt as though he never would again.

So the days passed wearily. Little Jack had no comforts around him to cause the time to speed away quickly even if he were alone.

No, this little one had none of the pleasure many another young life would know. He had no pretty books to look at, to read—those great friends. They alone, can give an untold comfort to many a one.

All little Jack had was the one pamphlet out of which he learnt at school. Hugo had been forced to send him there during the winter months. And again and again the boy would spell out the words he had been taught.

Yes, the little one used to long sometimes to be able to grow up "clever," as he would say to himself. Happy thoughts would arise as he fancied what that word could imply. That serious quiet little nature was naturally one that could have loved learning of any kind.

And thus in the solitude Jack was longing for sympathy—longing for love. No one was with him to help to make the moments happy, to give him cheery thoughts.

No, the tired little life was pining away for want of care and love. And so we see him again. His busy work for the present was put aside. Hugo was crosser

and more easily vexed even than before.

But wait a bit, little Jack. There is a Friend with you all the while. He will look after you. Perhaps now, unknown to yourself, He has caused Hugo to write those words home. What will be the result?





## CHAPTER VIII.

### Victory.

"Love  
Smote the chord of self."—TENNYSON.

"**H**ERE, Will, look what I've been a-getting; I told you as how Sallie'd see to this part of the day."

And as Sallie spoke, she handed into Will's hand a small parcel of all coloured ribbons and odds and ends of cloth, with other gay pieces.

"O Sall! how ever did you get all them?"

"Well, I sold all my stone to-day at



the shops about the village for ribbons or any odds and ends they'd give me. At first I did not just like askin'. No one seemed to understand like what I meant. But at last at one shop the missus be so kind when she asked me what I be a-wanting so many bits for, that I just told her right out. And see what she has give me! Be'ant it good of her now?"

"O Sall, how clever you be!" was Will's joyous reply. Carefully he unfolded the precious finery. It was to make Prince look so beautiful.

"To think of our dear little lady a-givin' prizes to us fellows," he added, thoughtfully.

"Ay," replied Sallie. "But, Will, you al'ays did say as how she look nice an kind like. I thinks one can guess that so easy just by a-lookin' at the face; don't you?"

And so it is our other little unknown friend who is thus to give joy to Will and Sallie, as well as the others. It is the same little girl for whom Will's boyish praises had sounded so greatly when first we met himself. That little one still rode on her own pony, to Will's admiration, as before.

And Prince did look beautiful on the important day. The sun shone brightly as though to herald the great event.

Early were Sall and Will both astir. They wished to put on all the grandeur they had together prepared for the adornment. Then they went to call Mammy to inspect their work.

And when she came, their hopes beat high. They heard her true surprise at their skill.

"Yes, does he not look just a beauty!" And with those words, placing little Meg

on his back, Will led Prince round before the cottage door in triumph.

Then dressed up himself in his clean white jacket and gay ribbons flying from his arm, Will rode away. His feelings were beating with longings, and the thought of the good news he might bring home.

And there, amid the pretty grounds surrounding the Hall, the number of lads met. For the most part their charges were donkeys. But among the throng a few small mules had their place with their respective owners.

And with the latter we notice Will.

But why does he look so dull? The sunshine we saw on his face but a short while before seems to have been dashed away.

Poor Will! He might well look so quiet. He felt as though he had no longer any pleasure in the coming excite-

ment. Sallie had followed him there alone. She had come to tell him that Mammy could not come now. They had just received news about Jack. We know in what state we left little Jack. And now we can imagine what that tidings could tell.

For himself Will had read Hugo's words. They told how ill Jack yet was; and how he would have been sent home only Hugo said he could not afford the expenses of the journey now that he had lost so many days' work. He wrote to say Jack was no use to him now.

But Prince did not know how sad his young master felt. He had received praises and pats enough from him just before. They still made him look very fresh and nice.

And all in a moment the little girl with her papa had stepped down the old Hall steps. They came to the pasturage where

the expectant boys were waiting. Other guests followed behind.

First the donkeys were called forward, with their owners. Then next came the fewer number of mules.

How carefully they were all examined for their merits with regard to the tempting prizes.

Yes, there close by a pretty little cart stood. It was just such a cart as Will had pictured to possess. It stood out in the brightness of its new red painted sides. The sun's rays danced thereon.

Now, all have been well looked at. Many have been praised. But who will gain the first, second, and third prizes?

With trepidation every boy's heart is beating. They listen for the coming decision. Who among them looks the brightest and sharpest? Which among their possessions looks the best cared for,

and the best dressed up ? Who will gain the first reward—a sum of money, or that tempting-looking cart ?

At last two are named—a bright sharp-looking donkey called Jolly—and—yes, our own beautiful Prince.

Oh, how eagerly Will is waiting to hear the final word, which of those two would be liked the best.

Then the gentleman who made the choice turned to the little girl. Will watched with glee. Her eyes looked at Prince.

Yes, Will is called forward. His little friend is now to give him the honour of the day. He is to have his own choice between the money or the cart. So nearly had Jolly come up to Prince's charms—both looked so well—it was decided that when Will had first decided which prize he would like best for himself the other should be given to the second master.

Oh yes, the cart is what Will wants. That has been his aim to gain for many a day.

And with many a blush of happy success Will was made to put on the pretty decorated crown. The little girl handed it to him herself. Then he was led back to see Prince harnessed into his new possession.

But why does a tear roll down Will's face? Is it for joy? Yes, mostly. But with the joy there will arise

"Thoughts like a loud and sudden rush of wings."

These are pulling at Will's glad feelings.

"Why, what ever be come over our Will?" was the exclamation among his own boy friends. "Another time he would ha' been all smiles."

We shall see.

How handsome Prince looked in that

brightly painted cart. It seemed to set off his own black beauty only the more.

And so Will thought his greatest dream was realised. Yet he turned away.

"Well, p'raps another day," he murmured. "Poor Jack!"

Then, with cheeks burning almost the colour of the bright wood near to which he stood, the boy went up to the little lady.

"Please Miss," he spoke almost too faintly to be heard by any but herself, "may I change my mind? I thinks p'raps as how I'd like the money best."

"Why, my boy, how is that?" asked the gentleman. "Cannot you have a decision for yourself at once?"

"Yes, sir, please sir," Will faltered, "I'd ha' liked that ere cart. But if ye please may I have the money. I won't be a-changin' my mind again."

"Very well, just as you like yourself."

And then Will felt the money placed



in his hand. But he felt he could not go to help to see Prince taken out again of what he had become so well.

“O Will!” exclaimed Sallie coming near. “Aint you going to have the cart after all? Ye did so want it.”

“No, Sall, there’s Jack can come home for this. Ye knows he’s ill, an’ Mammy’s frettin’ about him.”

Brave Will! after all the days of hope ended just as he had longed for, after having a cart for your own—and Prince looking so well in it—you have had to put your dream realised away.

“Oh, Will, how good of you! And ye did so want a cart. But won’t Mammy be glad. We’ll see Jack again now, no matter for all Hugo’s cross words, eh?”

And dear little Sallie’s eyes looked as though they did not know whether to shine with tears or smile with joy.

And so trying to put away his last sigh

of regret, Will and Sallie set off home together.

They felt they could no longer care to wait for any further enjoyment that was to be given later on.

There, on the way, Jolly rode past them. His owner was calling out to them to look how well he looked now he was put into the bright little cart. It was hard for Will. He tried only to think of the joy he had given to Jack.

Yet, after all, no cart however nice it might be, could have gained for him the lasting happy feelings his own victory could bring to him that day.

With his mother's gentle eyes, looking so proudly, so fondly upon her Will, the boy felt he had gained a real joy after all. No disappointment could cause that to fade away. It was too secure—too strong.

Yes, Will had won a joy that day—a

joy in a different way to what he had thought about so fervently early that morning. Yet perhaps may it not bring a greater glory in its train.





## CHAPTER IX.

Happy.

"Woven out of faith, and hope, and love."

SWINBURNE.

"OH, SALLIE! how different it be'es here at home with you and Mammy an' Will an' little Meg, than all alone with Massy."

"Ay, Jack, an' it be so nice to have ye here. Old Massy must be very cross, be'ant he?"

"Yes. But ye see, Sall, since I fell down and be so ill, I hasn't wondered at him a-bein' so cross. For ye see, as he said, I has been no use to him."

"But ye feels better now, eh Jack?"

"Oh yes; I feels quite a-gettin' well like. O Sall! the only thing as bothers me now be the thought of having to go back to Massy soon. I thinks as how I'll be quite well enough very soon to go on the rope."

"I should be afraid to see ye on them ropes, Jack. I should a-think ye'd be sure to fall."

"No, I dunna' mind anything when Massy be kind," replied Jack. "Sometimes he can be so nice, Sallie, an' then just all at once he become as angry an' as hard to please."

"Oh, yes! he must be very hard," exclaimed Sallie, enthusiastically. "He even threw that pretty card away, ye say, as how I had wanted ye to keep."

"Sallie," said little Jack, quietly, "ye were a-telling me t'other day about

what them words meant. You remember as how we was stopped talking by little Meg a-fallin' down an' a-hurtin' herself?"

"Ay, Jack; I be a-telling you how them words did not mean 'xactly walkin' in the light of the sky, as ye thought; but just doing what's good. Mammy told me that if we be good, an' try our best to make all happy as we can, then we be a walking in the Light."

"O Sallie! I does like to hear Mammy a-talkin' so nice. I likes being good now, 'cause of being good, but a-fore I just had to be good cause I a-feared Massy being cross."

"I wonders if Massy knows about how God loves us to be kind," said Sallie, thoughtfully. Her earnest little face looked up with a half-pitying, half-wondering look.

"I dunno," replied Jack, just as quietly.

"I thinks somehow as how he does—yet I thinks as how he doesn't. Ye know, Sall, what I means. I thinks as how Massy know all about them good things, an' yet I dunna think he knows what they really mean. Ye know he seemed to know what that ere little card meant more nor just the words, or he'd not burnt it so sharp. He said he did not a-want me to be a-thinkin' of them kind of things."

"Oh! be'ant it'a pity? Jack," added Sallie, brightly, "wouldn't ye like to tell Massy how nice it be to be happy?"

Yes, very happy Jack was looking now compared to when we saw him last.

There in that damp, gloomy room, life seemed just departing. Now its return was recalled, flowing back again with gentle power.

Dear little Jack. He had found the love and sympathy his heart had so longed

for in those other lonely days. He knew now what it was to feel his mother's care around him, teaching him the good words she had so often wished to be able to do, when she knew he was far from her sight.

And also, as we see, Sallie's sweet loving words carried their happiness.

How glad Will could feel when he saw the good he had thus been able to bring to his little brother. Often he would pat Prince's glossy back with the words,—

“Well, old fellow, one cannot say as how ye has not done good in the world.”

But bonnie Black Prince was yet to do more.

Just that afternoón as Sall and Jack were having such a “good time,” as they said, Will was having a gallop far up the sands in the direction of the Hall, before



returning home. But what brings both fear and courage to his heart ?

There he was trotting along, having enjoyed a hearty run. Suddenly he beheld a little figure away from the shore.

The tide was coming in with its swift silent flow, as it did especially in that part. It would not take long before the whole sands would be covered, once the waves have turned to roll back towards land.

Occasionally some had been overtaken by that dangerous sea ; but not for a long time. The risk was now too well known to be often met with. Not for a very long while had any case of drowning been heard of about there.

Yet Will's sharp eyes now felt sure that evening that he saw a small little figure in the distance, standing on that narrow piece of boulder stone. Many such beauti-

ful rocky heights were scattered about in their careless beauty.

Oh, could it be possible that any one was out there ! Why, in a few moments the tide would be enjoying its own play, dashing over those higher stones. No one could remain there in safety. It was not high enough. And to-day the sea was looking particularly rough and boisterous.

Yes, there again Will was certain he saw a wave of a handkerchief. What was he to do ? To go back to the town for further assistance, or even to go up towards the Hall, would be useless. There was no time for that. By his return all chance of safety would have passed away. If anything could be done, he alone was there to do it.

Courage, Will !

With one quick look at Prince, another into the distance towards the rock, and in

much less time than it takes to tell of his decision, the brave-hearted boy was in the water. He was urging his favourite along into that dashing foam.

Poor Black Prince! He was not used to such work. He did not like the feel of those rough waves rolling up against his feet.

But his master's words were encouraging him on to hurry his footsteps. Wise, old Prince! He stepped along in the depths that gradually became deeper and deeper.

Could it be possible! As Will drew nearer he fancied there were two to be seen on that projecting piece of rock—and one was so like the dear little lady from the Hall.

Oh, can Will reach those young lives in danger? Can he be able to get to them?

Already Prince was looking as though

it was too much for him to go through  
that rough sea, that

“Cold sea,

That wailed aloud with all her waves.”

As Will had thought, the tide was rising faster and higher than usual, that evening.

Yet Will felt he must do his part. He knew he could swim well himself. He felt, no matter what danger he might have to undergo, he could not leave, if it were thus possible, those others where they were. There was no help visible near, but his own young willing heart. No sound but the waves' echoing, swishing fall, was to be heard.

Yes, but Will knew what he could have at that moment. As the boy tried to urge his black mule on with such eager words, there was likewise rising in his brave young heart a look and a prayer. He was asking for that ever willing Help from above.

Will was asking to be able to do this good—to not think of himself. If only he might save that dear little one now beckoning to him with such terrific fear.





## CHAPTER X.

### Courage.

"As the ocean surge o'er land  
Bears a swimmer safe to land."

LONGFELLOW.

**W**ILL was right. At last Prince drew near to the projecting piece of rock. Only a little bit of it was now left uncovered. And on that small space, little Daisy Meadows—Will's little lady—with another girl older than herself, were standing.

In a moment Will could see that the little girl from the Hall with a young attendant had been overtaken by the tide.

No doubt safely sheltered from the wind's boisterous play, behind that rising stone,



THE RESCUE.

they had not perceived the tide's swift coming until too late.

But Will's young face could show that it must take only a moment to decide

what he would do, if any good was to be done.

"Here, Missy," he said, "have ye any strong cord, or any rope?"

No, nothing but coarse knitting cotton, with which they had been busying themselves could they show.

"Oh, I hope it'll do," said Will. And his disappointed voice showed his anxiety, though he tried to speak calmly.

Little Daisy's face looked as though a word from him of fear would make her terror become too great. As it was, the tears of fright were rolling down both those young faces, as they so eagerly watched their boyish deliverer's quick skill.

In a moment Will had managed to double the strength of the cotton. Fortunately it happened to be pretty firm.

Then quickly as he could he lifted little



Daisy on to Black Prince, and then her young servant behind.

Poor old Prince. This was new work to him indeed. He had to carry an unusual weight, and a different path to tread.

It was only just in time. As the next waves came dashing up to seize their prey, they knocked Will off his one place of footing. The brave lad had to take to his best powers of swimming.

"Oh, how battling it was to swim on, yet holding that frail cord carefully—to try and lead Prince."

No easy matter was that. The poor little mule did not understand that undertaking. He came so slowly forward; and the water was rising up now close to his neck.

Yet Will had to struggle on. He was too small to allow his feet to touch the sands beneath. He must have sunk at once if he had given up.

And just as they drew close to the shore, bonnie Will was giving way. It had been too much for his boyish strength, to have to battle with that rough seething sea now rolling on so swiftly, and yet keep on his hold of Prince. In a moment the lad felt he must give up. He had done his best.

But hold on Will ! Help is coming towards you now. A voice of cheer is calling aloud.

At last, whilst Will was endeavouring to go on to reach land, he had been seen by the gardener moving about the Hall grounds.

In a moment help for himself was given now. Just as Will was almost giving up hope, a helping hand came to welcome him to land.

Only in time. Will had to be lifted into safety whilst poor old Black Prince was also relieved of his burden.

What praise and thanksgiving reached Will's ears, as he was brought up the shore. There little Daisy's father awaited his coming. Tears were glistening in his eyes, as he realised how nearly his one darling had been lost to him for ever.

As he felt that little one's soft arms around his neck again, his heart went forth with heartfelt gratitude to that young boy. So courageously had he done that loving, brave deed, difficult as it had been for him to do.

But Will hears not all the praise. There he kneels weary and weak though he feels, beside his dear, favourite Prince. The excitement keeps him up yet. Prince is lying there on the shore, gasping for his life.

"Oh Prince, darlin' old fellow, come, do get up!" How earnestly the boy cried those words aloud to that faithful friend. He had shared with him many an hour of his young life.

But all Prince could do now, was to open his deep intelligent eyes, and look pityingly into his master's face. Poor fellow, it had proved more than he could bear. Heated with the long gallop on the sand, and then the plunge into that cold, cold sea, had done an unremediable mischief.

With tears rolling down his cheeks, and the sobs heaving aloud, not to be checked, all else was now forgotten to Will.

What did all the words of praise do for him now? Prince was there—dying. No kind promises could bring back that life so dear to him. It was like a heart-wrench to Will to see his pet leaving him after having done his work so well.

No, in spite of all efforts to be persuaded to go and rest himself—to get nourishment to save himself from a chill—Will would not leave that spot. The

sad-hearted boy felt help must be able to bring back Prince to himself again.

But it was—too late. All possible help was given ; but with one of his favourite tricks of rubbing his nose on Will's sleeve, poor, true old Black Prince fell back. Never again would he be able to carry his young master or any one else.

And then poor Will fell, sobbing his very strength out over his lost treasure. Only when he himself fell back with exhaustion, were those tender watchers able to carry him away.

Brave Will ! When you enjoyed that hearty gallop, you little thought then that it would be for the last time—that this would be the end. In days gone back we remember your playful wish that the little lady might want to ride Black Prince. You little knew then of what the one ride would entail.

Yes, poor Will was taken gently away

up to the Hall for care. He left his old dear friend, bonnie Prince, waiting to be carried away also out of sight.

The shore would know those footprints never more.





## CHAPTER XI.

### Loving Words.

“And life in its last lingering sands  
Is ebbing fast away.”

**Y**ES, little Jack was getting well now,  
but Will was not.

As the one regained strength, he was able to go about to enjoy the delight of looking upon his favourite sea, talking to Sallie. Or when Sallie went about with her chalk-stone, Jack would accompany her, very often carrying little Meg for a walk.

But their happy talk was disturbed by that sad thought of poor Will. There

he was at the cottage, under his mother's loving care, very ill.

The effects of that day in the cold, rough sea had told heavily. Fever had set in that night. For days the boy had remained at the Hall, having the greatest care for his recovery.

And now, when at last the result of that chill had been overcome, at Will's own desire, he has been removed to his own quiet little home.

Poor Will! the doctor had hoped he would have gained his strength quicker than he did. Very grave he still looked as he beheld him.

The best advice had Mr. Meadows at once procured for the brave boy—the deliverer of his only child.

Yes, if Will would but get quite well, what happy dreams reached his ears.

There already had a bright new red cart, and a sharp little black mule—as



near as possible in appearance to poor lost Prince—been sent as a gift from Daisy. She remembered how he had refused that gift on the day of the prize-giving. And now she also knew the reason why.

Oh, what a look of recognition had crossed both little Jack's face and her own when they first met!

In a moment there returned that scene, where we first saw Jack selling his own likeness.

Daisy Meadows was the same little girl who had so anxiously wanted to choose the best picture of Jack. She had watched his skill with such keen interest.

In one glance the two had recalled that day. Daisy told how she still kept Jack's pretty photograph. But now the likeness would be cherished all the more. Had not Jack's brother rescued her life.

Yes, often Jack would talk to Sallie about that unlooked for meeting.

"It seems so strange, Sall," he would say, "to have the little miss a-talkin' to me so friendly like; an' no fear of Massy a-calling me up sharp."

"Jack," Sallie would reply, "I wonder when Massy will come for ye?"

"Oh, Sall, dunna speak of it!"

And for the moment the boy's glad thoughts would receive a cloud.

But Hugo had written that he was coming to see after Jack. Now he was much better, it was time, he said, that he should return to his old routine.

And how unwillingly Jack thought of leaving his peaceful home, where he spent those quiet days. More especially, he could not bear to think of going away, now Will remained so ill.

And still weaker Will became. Hugo turned up suddenly one afternoon. But his coming was scarcely noticed. So anxious were all about the lad's state of danger.

No one noticed how worn and ill Massy himself was looking. His face appeared as though it had an untold care.

By degrees he heard of the cause of Will's illness—of the brave deed that young boy had done. And as he looked upon the pale exhausted young face, he wondered how one so young as he could have had the courage to meet the rough sea, all alone, at the risk of his own life.

Perhaps those days at the cottage may have been sent to touch his heart.

Often he would step in, just as Sallie's gentle voice was reading those sweet words as Will liked her to do.

Poor Will! he felt so ill. He himself seemed to know how weak he really was.

"Sall," he said quietly one day, as the two great friends were together alone, "I hopes as how Mammy 'll not cry too much if I never gets quite well. I feels at times as like I wouldn't. I feels so tired,

Sall, too tired to do anything but lie here. And ye knows that's not like me. When I'm well I always be so restless an' lively as ye used to say."

"Oh Will, don't. Ye must not speak like that," little Sall exclaimed. "You must get well, you will get well soon. Ye knows Will you've been very ill, an' they say as how it'll take a long time afore ye gets strong. But you must in time. Look at that ere bonnie cart, an' another Prince, as little Miss Daisy says, all just a-waitin' for you to get well. Oh Will, we'll have such a grand time. The gentleman at the Hall says as how he'll give ye plenty of work to do with the cart."

"But I thinks as no Prince 'ud ever be like the old Prince, Sall. Oh Sall," Will exclaimed, his eyes shining only too brightly, "it does make me just glad now to think as how I gave up t'other

.

cart, cause of Jack. It does make me so happy to know now as I'm a-lying here, that I was able to bring our laddie home. The little chap looks quite well now, to what he did the first day he come. I often thinks how unhappy I should have been if I'd taken that cart for the prize instead of the reward. For ye knows, Jack might not have come home yet. He might p'raps have died away there with old Hugo."

"Cross Massy!" added Sallie. "Oh, yes, Will, it does make one happy to be good, don't it? A-times one feels like as if it didn't matter just to do what we likes only; but after, one be sure to wish as how we hadn't give way."

"Sharp little Jack," murmured Will. "I wish Hugo were kinder to him. He's such a quiet little 'un. He needs more love nor fear."

"But Will," Sallie added more quietly,

"Jack was only a-saying t'other day, as how Massy seems kinder already since he come here. You see as how he has no one to make him happy. He lives all alone, an' p'raps has never known how nice it 'ud be if he was kind instead of cross. I was just saying to Jack, as how I wish we could try just to love Massy a bit. He looks as tho' he was often longing for some one to be kind an' like him more, though he does not say so."

And not wishing to make Sallie sorrowful any more, Will did not speak any longer about himself. But his quick eyes could see that Sallie had not forgotten what he had said. He knew she was just trying to talk about Hugo and Jack, to make him feel bright.

So just asking the little girl to read him a favourite verse, before she left him, Will said he would now rest a bit quiet.

But who is that just stepping out of

the cottage door, that led from the little kitchen, only separated from where Will was by a thin partition ?

Hugo !

Could it be that he had heard those words of Sallie's about himself ? His face looked as though he had. There was something like a tear shining in his usual stern-looking eyes.

Yes, Massy had just entered the cottage to look for Jack. He had come just as Sallie's eager tones, spoken louder because of her energy, exclaimed—

“ Cross Massy ! ”

And then with his usual desire to know what any one had to say about himself, Hugo had lingered there. He had heard every word. Not until he could tell Sallie was coming away from Will did he leave. Then he went out. He felt he could not wait to look into those thoughtful searching young eyes.

But meeting Jack, Hugo made him tell him all about his coming home. He had often wondered how the poor bare poverty of the cottage had allowed of the distance of Jack's journey.

But now he knew of Will's courage in another form.

Massy felt that though verging on old age, yet the young heart had beaten him. With its hopeful life all before it, yet it had given up the longings of self, to do the good deed of love, which he himself had refused to do. Hugo knew only too well, that his means might have enabled him to send Jack home long before, if only he had chosen to do so.

Yes, hard thoughts and good thoughts, were trying to battle together that day in old Massy's heart. Such a battle had not been fought there for many a day.

Leaving Jack, he went to walk about



by himself. It was as though he had much to think and plan about.

But what those thoughts were, what they ended in, perhaps we shall be able to hear again.





## CHAPTER XII.

### Good-Bye.

"This world is but the rugged road  
That leads us to the bright abode  
Of peace above."

LONGFELLOW.

**B**UT Jack need not have dreaded leaving Will. Even the hardest heart could scarcely have resisted that boy's earnest words, that he wished his little brother to stay with him if possible.

Yes, Will was right. In spite of the greatest attention that his friends at the Hall enabled to be given to him, with all the nourishing food, strength did not return to their call.

No, life was ebbing fast away. His words to Sallie were coming but too true. He never would go about again, even with the most enticing-looking cart. With Will, his days of battle and victory having been gained, his life was going to leave the things of earth behind.

Oh, it does seem hard at times to be ready to feel all must be for the best. When those hidden meanings come and take away our very joys, then the heart strives to find out the cause—the why and the wherefore. It is far better to try and not think why it must be for the best or not; but just to strive to remember Who leads the warfare of life—that it is, it must be for good; that—

“Some days must be dark and dreary.”

Heavily and dark fell those clouds upon that simple home. The dreaded parting came quietly, all at once. Brave Will had risked his own life, and now he was

leaving those behind to weep at his loss. He was going away to receive his greatest reward.

How dull, how empty everywhere looks when the heart is heavy! The very delights that have been gloried in, perhaps but a day before, now look indifferent. There is no comfort whilst the thoughts are full of tears.

Poor Will! he knew only too well how his mother would cry for him, would miss him. He had known that deep love. He knew that his going could not but be mourned for, by those tender, loving hearts.

And thus in those days of grief, Jack's going was not even dreamt about. So often it is, that the very things most feared in the distance, by degrees come to be little dwelt upon. The worst sometimes turns out to be the best.

No, Jack need not fear any more.

Never again would he have to walk across the ropes, whilst other eyes beheld his skill.

Will's heart had been made glad to know that those he left would be cared for—that Jack especially would be looked after.

Mr. Meadows, felt how little he could do by doing his best for the remaining ones. Gladly would he have done well for them all; and yet have had Will to be the greatest receiver of his thankfulness.

But such a hope was not to be. Will soon enough was gone. He had bid his last "good-bye" on earth. Only those behind could receive any kindness. He would need no more.

But little Daisy's heart was made happier when she knew all the great things her papa said he would do for Jack—yes, and for Sallie, and little Meg too.

From that lonely cottage they were soon all to go. The days of sorrow were not to be recalled there. No, Mr. Meadows was going back to his other estate in Norfolk. There our friends were also to go.

But what had Hugo to say about losing Jack? We will just look into that cottage one day a few weeks after Will's loving life had passed away.

There was Hugo with Sallie and Jack. They looked as though they were trying to make him happy, as Sallie had said; as though they would do their best to make him think joyfully instead of sadly.

Yes, there was Hugo. The weight that had spoiled his life had at last been removed.

The love visible in that home, the love abiding in those youthful hearts had at last reached his own. The unintentional words falling from those young lips, had of their own accord sunk into his heart.

A sad story Massy had been telling that day. At last he had unburdened his trouble. He had told the story of his own wrong-doing, though but a short time before he had resolved he never would.

For the first time Jack's mother now knew how her husband had left a moderate sum in Hugo's care. That father, taken away with little more than a moment's warning, had thought he had trusted in a friend. Hugo had been charged with that keeping, with the dying words to tell the dear ones, and to see that the small hoard should be increased.

But Hugo had dallied. Oh, the danger of small delays! Putting off telling at once, he had at last decided to make use of that possession for himself. He had comforted himself that he would reveal all, when he had added to its importance.

But that day had never come. Hugo had lost that keeping, with many a regret.

And now, at length, he had let his heart have its way. The little good that was there had been aroused.

We left him last trying to decide whether for right or wrong. Oh, how gladly Hugo must have felt to know that at last he had confessed his hidden fault.

As the cross, weary life felt little Sall's arms about his neck, telling him lovingly—"Mammy says ye musn't mind, it cannot be helped now,"—Massy grieved more and more. He yearned to have been able to return that right, as he had never felt the desire before.

And thus after all Hugo left Jack in his own home. But now how well he knew how he would miss the sight of that young face. Yet he had made many good resolves, and with the hope of bringing them to pass, he took fresh courage.



And now shall we not also leave little Jack? We have seen how that youthful life has struggled on its lonely way, longing for happy, loving sympathy. More than all, we have seen how God cares for such little ones. He has brought Jack's life into happier paths. He has made even Massy's ways to be brighter. All looks hopeful now.

And whilst the sun is shining we will bid "good-bye" to our friends. Everywhere looks so much more gladsome on a bright day than on a day of gloom and rain.

Yes, we will step into that pretty white-washed cottage lodge at the entrance of little Daisy Meadow's own beautiful home. There we will give our last look.

Happily Mammy is talking away to Meg. She joins in the child's delight in her new home. The mother's heart is glad to think how this more airy abode has brought the rosy cheeks to the little one.

And there also we see our other little friend—dear little Sall. She is looking bright and happy, though not as before.



OUR LADDIE A SCHOLAR

Her earnest young face shows the sunshine still remains ; but her eyes can tell that amid the brightness there yet rests,

as with her mother's heart, a blank. The cheeriest day can never bring back again the other dear ones to share in the joy.

And then, just as we are leaving the cottage, in comes Jack—our own especial little Jack.

Oh! what a fine Jack he looks now! The still delicate, thoughtful features appear as though they had found their own delights.

With his books strapped on his back, he comes home from those studies. His friends at the pretty house yonder have seen that he enters upon them with the greatest zeal.

Yes, as we look into the fine young face, we see the intellectual light shines from within. We feel we can understand how many do say how sharp and clever he is.

And thus we will now leave little Jack in good hands.

We know that he now possesses that which can alone make life really happy.

As he leans over his mother to receive her loving kiss of welcome, we know how he has learnt the value of a loving heart from her fond care.

And that more than all else must be the dearest to those who would "Walk in the Light "

"In the world's broad field of battle,"



